

# Lowkey Lyrics

## "I'm Back"

A time for us, some day they'll be a new world,  
A world of shining hope for you and me.

*[Chorus:]*

I'm back  
Did you forget about me?  
I'm back  
Did you forget about me?  
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I'm back  
Did you forget about me?

*[Verse 1:]*

What's happening, I'm back with the wagon, smashin' this rappin' ting,  
Rappers think they're dapper, it's sad, the badness they're babblin'.  
Chattin' 'bout packin' gattlins and battlin', I'll batter 'em,  
My adjectives are like daggers and javelins that stab ya skin.  
Not challenging, maggots are [?], fraggles are hagglin',  
Back with a classic ta snatch ya status off these [?] .  
I've dabbled in madness, how I've handled it's bafflin',  
I'm trapped in sin and damaged within, but still I have to win.  
Aiming to break the pavements and take it straight to the majors,  
Make all of my favorites famous, I pray that today it changes.  
I patiently pave the way for a day that we make the papers,  
The haters are staying haters, they're fakers, they're blatant traitors.  
Don't say it's chasing my status, I'll break away from the matrix,  
They laid us to waste to phases and slaving for [?] .  
And blaze us, complacent figures and strained to escape the Masons,  
Who gave us the AIDS and plagues and not blaming my brain's patrons.

*[Chorus:]*

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*[Verse 2:]*

Put on my Air Max, and walk around a day in my shoes,  
Look at the bare facts, and talk about payin' my dues.  
You realize every bar that I'm sayin' is true,  
Phone in to cuss, any DJ that ain't playin' my tunes.  
In a drought, consider me the Guinness Stout,  
No I'm not the biggest or baddest, I'm just the illest out.  
His bars might sound good when he spits 'em out,  
But would it mean something if you were lookin' at it, written down.

I can't front, like the way I'm livin' is perfect,  
Can't look at the cards you got saying you didn't deserve it.  
Sellin' poison to people, that isn't my purpose,  
Knowledge of self, that's the flippin' gift that I'm cursed with.  
People's Army, all my guys organize properly,  
Feds wanna commit, borderline sodomy.  
Ring coppers in choppers, you all can try stoppin' me.  
Every tune's a chapter in my autobiography.

*[Chorus:]*

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